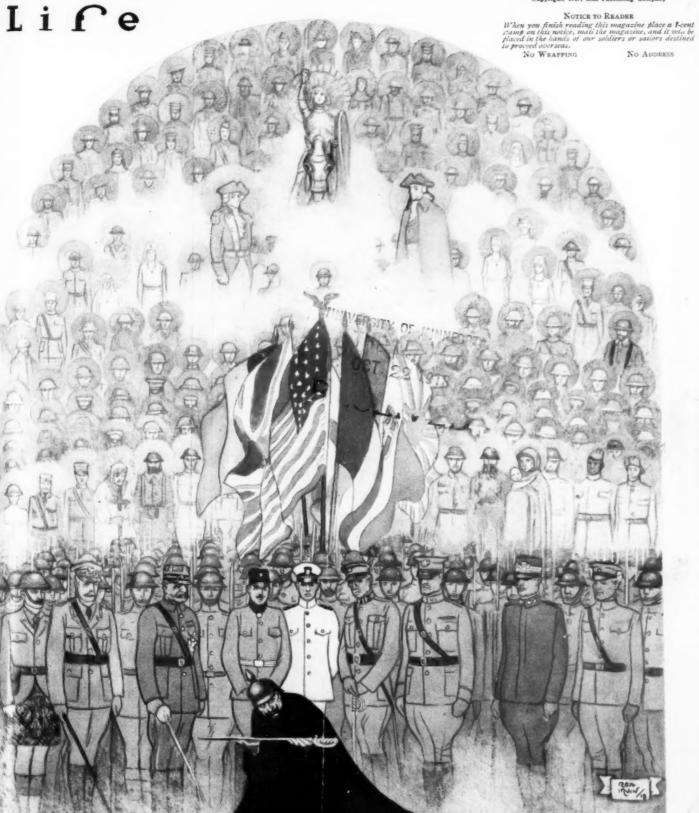
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PRICE 10 CENTS

Vol. 72, No. 1878. October 24, 1918 Cupyright, 1918, Life Publishing Company



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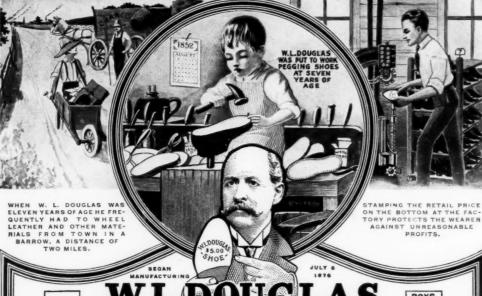
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MEN AND WOMEN

\$3.50 \$4.00 \$4.50 \$5.00 \$6.00 \$7.00 & \$8.00

Best in the World

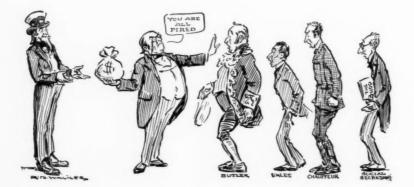
You'll never need to ask "What is the price?" when the shoe sales man is showing you W. L. Douglas shoes because the actual value is determined and the retail price fixed at the factory before W.L. Douglas name and the retail price is stamped on the bottom. The stamped price is W. L. Douglas personal guarantee that the shoes are always worth the price paid for them.

Stamping the price on every pair of shoes as a protection against high prices and unreasonable profits is only one example of the constant endeavor of W. L. Douglas to protect his customers. W. L. Douglas name on shoes is his pledge that they are the best in materials, workmanship and style possible to produce at the price. Into every pair go the results of sixty-six years experience in making shoes, dating back to the time when W. L. Douglas was a lad of seven, pegging shoes.

The quality of W. L. Douglas product is guaranteed by more than 40 years experience in making fine shoes. The smart styles are the leaders in the fashion centres of America. They are made in a well-equipped factory at Brockton, Mass., by the highest paid, skilled shoemakers, under the direction and supervision of experienced men, all working with an honest determination to make the best shoes for the price that money can buy. The retail prices are the same everywhere. They cost no more in San Francisco than they do in New York.

CAUTION—Before you buy be sure W. L. Douglas name and the retail price is stamped on the bottom and the inside top facing. If the stamped price has been mutilated, BEWARE OF FRAUD.

sale by 105 W. L. Douglas stores and over 9000 L. Douglas dealers, or can be ordered direct from L. Douglas by mail. Send for booklet telling W. Louglas by to order shoes through the mail, postage free. President W. L. DOUGLAS SHOE COMPANY, 147 SPARK STREET, BROCKTON - MASS.



No More Trains

SAME old jostle, Same old jars, Same old standing-room, Same old cars: Twice as many ticket-sellers, No more brains: Twice as long a time to wait, And no more trains.

Same old straphangers, Same old shocks: Same sardines in the Same old box; Twice as many subways-How the city gains !--Twice as many miles of track, But no more trains.

You may blame it on the people: They were slow to see the change; They couldn't find the shuttle cars, Gosh! That wasn't strange! Twice as many stairways And trouble for your pains; Twice as many sheep and goats, But no more trains.

Oh, they tell you that a nickel Isn't big enough by far. They want a coin of seven cents To pack you in a car. They'll make you think your shackles Are springtime daisy chains, Till you gaze upon the empty tracks And-no more trains. A. G. Oat.

THE one essential of good writing is that it shall be interesting. And what makes that quality? It is a kind of personal charm, which enables the writer to turn or twist his words in such a way as to bring up a succession of pleasing sensations in the mind. The element of surprise is united with a sense of truth. good writer must have thought out his theme so completely that, sure of himself, he always knows, as he goes along,



what to omit.

Some people would do most anything for \$400-em writing of jingles. This ad is to those people. We at to award nine prizes—\$150, \$100, \$75, \$25, and five \$100-em the best rhymes received before Dec 15th, 1981 about ZYMOLE TROKEYS—why they are so go husky throats—why they keep the voice fit. And remothey are not cough drops—but mildly antisertic throat tilles of real worth. Send your jingles to Jingle Depart

Frederick Stearns & Company Detroit, 1042 East Jefferson Ave.





"Soi, Bill, I believe in doin' my Christmas shoppin' early."

We cannot all be so fortunate as this boy, but, no matter where you are—whether in the home trenches or on the Western front—you can send a Christmas present of Life for one year as a weekly message of cheer.

Now is the time to Obey That Impulse.

Don't wait. The sooner we get your order the more certain that LIFE will go forward at the right moment. If requested in the order with the subscription we will send to the recipient a handsome Christmas card. State when the subscription is to begin in sending check to

Life

The One Christmas Gift

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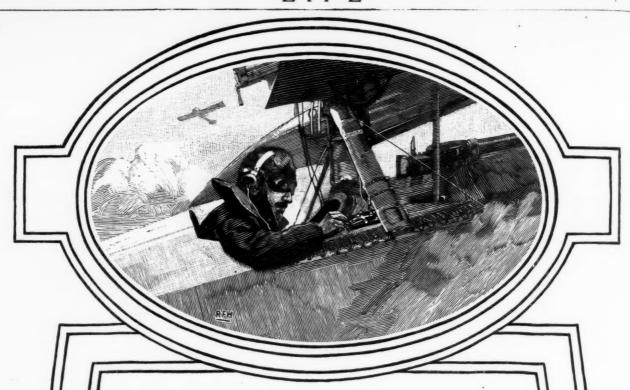
out his

that can be sent the boys overseas; thousands of copies go each week. To American Expeditionary Force men \$5 a year, if no local foreign address be given.

Enclos	ed fin	d five	dol	lars	(Cana	dian,	\$5.52,	Foreign
\$6.04).	Send	LIFE	for	опе	year	to		

LIFE, 17 West 31st Street, New York.

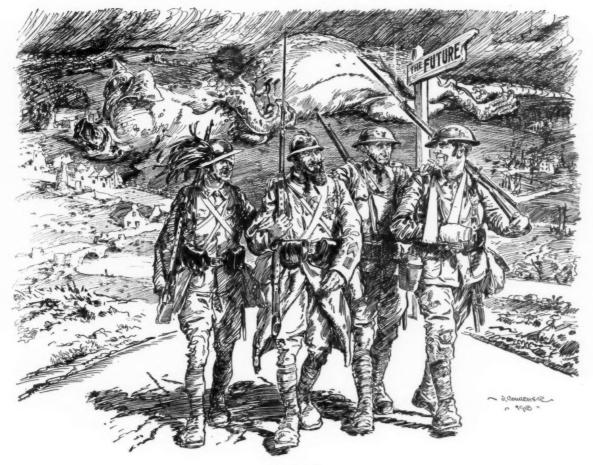
One Year, \$5.00. (Canadian, \$5.52; Foreign, \$6.04.)



Aviation wireless! Its great speed is even outmatched by the Mimeograph—for while the wireless is sending one message to one receiver, the Mimeograph will start hundreds on their various ways. Fast? While the Mimeograph duplicates the typewritten or handwritten page with a sharp exactness that practically makes every copy an original, its remarkable advantage is the rapidity of its execution. Simply click off the message on the typewriter and it is ready to print—five thousand an hour. Diagrams, illustrations, plans, etc., may be quickly traced on the same stencil—and duplicated in the one operation. Get new booklet "W" from A. B. Dick Company, Chicago—and New York.



LIFE



TOGETHER

To Our Allies



*E hail you all, our stanch allies, Who, forward with undaunted eyes, Charge on the legions of the foe, That, from this red abyss of woe, A fairer, freer world may rise!

You who have met, in valiant-wise, Beneath the battle-darkened skies, The sanguine shock, the bitter blow, We hail you all!

With yours our own brave banner flies; With yours are heard our conflict cries; Unitedly with you we go

To lay the brutal Dragon low-Marching toward higher destinies,

We hail you all!

Clinton Scollard.

Love's Waterloo

"Do you love me as much as you say you do?"

The look of anxiety upon the face of the beautiful girl who spoke was all too evident. The young man at her side, however, as if to emphasize his great passion with all of his energy, sprang up and cried:

"Oh, my darling, how can you doubt me? Haven't I worn the sweater you crocheted and the socks you knitted for me?"

"But there is something more. You must show me that there is no limit to your love."

"I will. Bring on your test."

With a swift movement she disappeared, but in a moment she returned, bearing in her fair hand a large package.

"Sit down, dear," she said. "and during your furlough I shall take pleasure in reading aloud to you the war stories in our popular magazines."

But her lover was already out of the door.

"Farewell!" he muttered. "Back to the front line trenches for me!"

· LIFE ·

Why Kitchin is House Leader

GET rid of Kitchin! says the Sun, and devotes more than a column of space to expounding why he ought to go.

Kitchin is Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, and Democratic leader of the House. He hails from Scotland Neck, North Carolina, and has fifty-nine years, for sixteen of which he has been a member of Congress. The Sun considers him the last man in Congress who ever ought to have been Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee. It objects to his limited intelligence, his economic ignorance, his lack of knowledge of the elemental principles of taxation. It finds him destitute of business sense, and dangerously blinded by prejudices and by a sinister, sectional aspiration to make "the industrial fields north of Mason and Dixon's line tax-objects of pillage." On general grounds and for the reason that he is liable to devise and put through taxes that are very dangerous to the industrial life of the country, the Sun would have Kitchin fired. And the way it would go about it is to elect a Republican Congress.

There will be sympathy with this desire of the Sun. No one is likely to be as bad as described by an opposition newspaper that wants him to be deprived of his job. Probably Kitchin is not so bad as the Sun paints him. The Tribune complimented him the other day on his presentation of the eight-billion-dollar revenue bill, which the Tribune said was "fair and large



POULTRY NOTE
WHY HENS STOP LAYING



"TELL HIM ME AND RAGS SEND OUR LOVE, MOTHER"

and sound." It calls for the utmost possible payment of war expenses by taxation, leaving no more than it must to be defrayed by borrowing, and the Tribune thinks that is right, and if properly done, it is right. But Kitchin has bad faults. He is a small-minded, active-minded, clever man, raised in a North Carolina village, and not widened to full size, even by sixteen years in Congress. And he has great power. He was able to keep in the last incometax law the provision that earned money should pay double (or thereabouts) the tax paid by money drawn from investments. He tried his best to keep the country out of the war, and there is much to support the Sun's assertion that when we got in he swore the North should pay the costs of it.

If Kitchin is not "sectional," he is an abused man.

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But to elect a Republican Congress in order to get rid of him would be to kill the dog to be quit of the fleas. Why is he chairman of that vitally important committee? Because the Democrats in Congress want him there?

Probably not. Most of them would probably prefer some more acceptable man. He is chairman and leader because he has been sixteen years in Congress, and was the senior Democrat on the committee. He got promotion by seniority, and Congress can't get rid of him, except by a convulsion that will break precedents.

Seniority made Stone Chairman of the Foreign Affairs Committee of the Senate, a most unfit and unseemly as-



THE STENCH

signment. That chairmanships of Congressional committees should be assigned by seniority is a great evil. It often puts unfit men in places of great importance and responsibility, sometimes, as now, in great crises. It is a bad old habit that Congress should get rid of, and by getting rid of it it can get rid of Kitchin.

Thoughts On Rescuing Busy Men In Their Own Offices

THE new age of courtesy in business has let down the bars for intruders. Any business man who excludes himself from callers is now a fit subject for investigation.

All industrial princes are now practically compelled to sit in the centre of their offices wearing a genial smile, surrounded by their clerks and ready to give the glad hand to anyone who drops in, no matter how inconsequential may be their motive.

In these circumstances business easily may become purely incidental to the joyous occupation of entertaining callers.

Forerunners

MACCONNELL, Lufbery, Genet, Chapman, Prince—

Bright words to conjure with, whose radiant flame

Shall glow down endless years; each shining name

A torch of freedom, grown immortal since

It lightened days that made all patriots wince.

Their valor shall become a well-loved tale,

As immemorial as the Holy Grail, And grateful hearts of chivalry con-

vince.

They kept their eager faith with Lafayette,

In that dark hour before their country heard

The pleading call, and to that noble debt

They pledged their youth, their strength, their knightly word;

And, in the glory of their heritance, America shall gain still more than France.

Notice to Allied Subscribers

PLEASE be patient if your copy of the latest German Peace Proposal does not reach you promptly each week. If your copy does not arrive on the day on which you have grown used to expecting it, wait a few days before making complaint.



ON THE DINING-CAR FOR DEUTSCH-LAND

Fate, the Waiter: WILL YOU HAVE
PEACE SERVED NOW OR WAIT TILL WE GET
TO BERLIN?



DEUTSCHLAND UBER ALLES

AS ARRANGED BY FOCH

Military Observances

If the Pictures of Certain Magazine Illustrators Are Used as Guides

A CAPTAIN may wear a lieutenant's shoulder-bar as a sign of his rank, and a first or a second lieutenant may wear anything from a captain's bars to a brigadier-general's star on his shoulder-straps.

A machine-gun officer is privileged to stand in front of the machine-gun when it is in action, regardless of the spot at which the gun is aimed.

Anything goes as a salute, but the most approved method of saluting is to elevate either the right or the left hand to the forehead with the same motion used in wielding a hair-brush or a lady's sunshade.

Soldiers on the march may carry their rifles on their right or left shoulders, or both, at their own discretion.

Infantry officers may wear cavalry or field artillery insignia on their blouse-collars.

A private may wear brown braid on the sleeves of his blouse if he is tall and handsome, and from one to three rows of black braid on the sleeves of his overcoat, if it makes the overcoat look better.

FAVORING peace at this time can scarcely come under the head of news that's fit to print.



HOW A MAN FEELS
WHEN READING ONE OF THE HEARST NEWSPAPERS



WHY THE ARMIES OF FRANCE ARE INVINCIBLE

· LIFE ·

The Onward Rush

IT was during the last American offensive. Certain troops had orders to advance to cover afforded by rocks near the Hun trenches, and, for strategical reasons, to remain there in reserve.

The Yankee soldiers reached their stopping point under heavy fire from the Huns, and then disregarded all orders and kept straight on and took the Hun trenches.

Presently the colonel came up in a furious rage, because his orders had been disregarded.

"Major, your definite orders were to hold your men at those rocks. Why didn't you do it?"

"Colonel," he retorted hotly, "if that pig-faced Crown Prince and all his army couldn't stop them, how in h—— do you suppose I could?"





Mayor Ladies' Auxiliary Corps: I am afraid private jones won't do. Just look at the frightfully anti-bellum way she is talking to the instructor.

Orders

SENTINEL (on post): Halt! Who's there?

Officer: An officer of the camp with family.

"Advance and be sterilized."

Frightfulness

CRAWFORD: The Allies are learning from experience their mistakes in the war.

CRABSHAW: Yes; they see now they should have built bomb-proof hospitals.

What They Think of That Boy

(Who at seventeen has just enlisted)

THE WOMAN ACROSS THE WAY: Well, it will certainly be a relief for all of us. I hope it will do him good!

HIS UNCLE (in the service): They ought to hold him back and give him more schooling.

HIS SISTER: Of course he ought to!
HIS HEAD MASTER: What a pity!
HIS FATHER: My boy, I've said all
I could to stop you. Now go to it!
HIS MOTHER: Oh, my boy! my boy!

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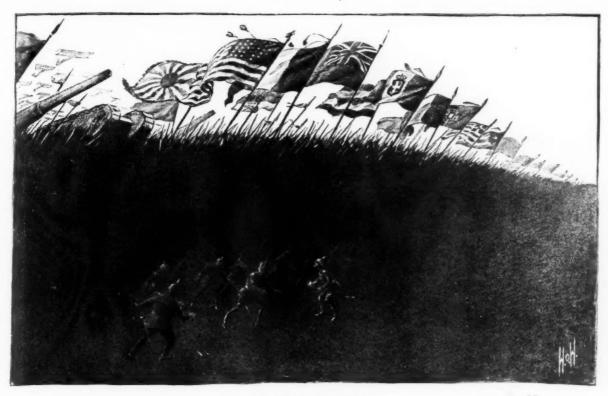
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Medieval Shoe Merchant: IN BUYING THESE SEVEN-LEAGUE BOOTS IT IS THE CUS-TOM, SIR, TO PAY BEFORE TRYING THEM ON.



A PLACE IN THE SHADOW

Paciflage

OWELL said:

"New occasions teach new duties."

Why should not new experiences bring new words?

Very humbly and with due apprehension of the scorn of those half-educated critics who are conscious of their own omniscience, I venture to suggest that we need a new word now: PACIFLAGE.

Any one can see that it is made on the principle immortalized in the classic ballad of "The Jabberwock." It is a collapsible portmanteau word, composed of two elements which do not belong together theoretically, but which have been practically united for pernicious purposes.

The first element is pacific. It represents that desire for peace which is shared by all reasonable men.

The second element is camouflage. It denotes the art and practice of disguise and concealment for the purposes of war.

Paciflage, then, means that kind of falsehood which uses the natural desire of peace as a cloak to cover the attainment or the approval of the designs of the war-lord. It is the sheep's-clothing of the wolf.

For example, when Wilhelm Hohenzollern wipes his crocodilian eyes at the sight of the war's desolations and cries to the bad old German Gott, "What have I not done to avert these horrors?" that is paciflage.

When the Austro-Hungarian cat's-paw government invites

the belligerent nations to a confidential and non-binding conference on the terms of peace, that is paciflage.

When the "I Won't Work" people, and all the other Bolshevik tribes at home and abroad cry out that war between nations must be stopped, in order that war between classes shall be begun, that is paciflage.

When good-hearted, well-meaning, incurably ignorant people suggest that peace-loving Christians ought to be satisfied with something less than the absolute crushing of the German Power which made this war, that is paciflage.

When anybody hints that Germany, unwhipped and unrepentant, should come to the table of peace on equal terms with other nations, that is paciflage.

You see what I mean. On the battle-front our boys are doing valiant service as fighters for a real peace. At home we must guard against a danger which threatens them and us. Give us a better name if you can. But till then I shall call it paciflage.

Henry van Dyke.

THE street newsboy was trying to close out his stock of papers to a late passerby.

"No, no!" exclaimed the man addressed. "I've read all to-day's papers."

"Dat's alright, mister," the newsie answered. "If you've got any paterotic feelin's you can take 'em along wid ye to keep de home fires burnin'."

· LIFE ·

Life's Fresh Air Fund

IN presenting the annual report of the Fresh Air Fund Life takes pleasure in thanking its readers in behalf of the nine hundred and four children who have enjoyed the hospitality of the Farm during the past summer. It will be noted that the number is somewhat smaller than usual. This is due to the fact that towards the close of the season we realized that although in the past we have fortunately escaped the possible calamity of a fire with loss of life, this immunity rested on the vigilance of the superintendent and his assistants. Effective as this has shown itself, it was only human, and we felt that we no longer cared to trust the lives of little human beings to a protection that might by accident be found wanting. We therefore abandoned one dangerous dormitory housing sixtyfive children. That we acted none too soon was brought home to us shortly after by the destruction by fire of one of the buildings which had been used as a dormitory, but which at the time housed no children.

LIFE hopes that by the beginning of next season we shall be equipped with a fireproof dormitory, to be constructed through the funds left by the late Mr. Gilbert of Georgetown, Connecticut, for the maintenance of the work at the Farm. Should the hope be realized we shall be able to house in safety not only the usual number of children, but a considerably increased number.

LIFE is grateful that, as usual, we can present a clean record of "none sick, none injured, and all happy." In this connection we are glad to print this extract from a letter from one of New York's most useful charitable societies:

I want to thank you very much, indeed, for the wonderful time you gave our sixty children who had the privilege of staying at LIFE Farm during the last two weeks in August. Each and every one of them came back looking splendid, and they all gave the most enthusiastic accounts of the good times they had hadthe hikes, the swings, the food, not to forget the presents of shoes. clothes or books that they all seem to have received as parting gifts. The party we sent to your Farm was not only our largest this summer, but it proved to be quite one of the happiest and most successful, as far as our children are concerned. I only hope that you in your turn did not find our children too troublesome, and that the wonderful improvement in their looks, at the end of their vacation, afforded you some satisfaction in reward for your very strenuous work.

a fine water



THE COLORS

The following is the financial statement for the year to October 5, 1918:

for the year to Octobe	5, 1910	•
INCOM	E	
Balance from 1917 Contributions Marion Story Fund Interest Matured bond Insurance on furniture destroyed by fire, Au-	9,668.92 210.60 641.41 20.00	
gust 19, 1918	200.00	\$12,741.90
DISBURSEM		
Help Transportation Food and supplies. Repairs Miscellaneous expenses. Reserve Fund.	751.64 2.322.89 44.70 733.13	
_		11.371.86

Season opened June 25th. Season closed September 9th. Children entertained, 904. Average cost per child, \$7.05.

The Fresh Air Endowments

Balance forward to 1919...... \$1,370.04

WHAT are you going to do with your Fourth Liberty Loan bonds? Life has an excellent suggestion to make for the safe-keeping—and something more—of sums of two hundred dollars in these securities. It also applies to other 4½-per-cent. bonds. If used for a Fresh Air Endowment the bonds will not only be safely kept to their maturity, but the principal sum will then be safely reinvested and for all time will bring health and happiness each summer to a child who otherwise would stew and stifle in the city's slums during the whole heated term.

To establish a Fresh Air Endowment two hundred dollars in Liberty Loan 41/4per-cent. bonds should be sent by registered mail to Life's Fresh Air Fund, Inc., 17 West Thirty-first Street, New York City.

per

We

The income from this amount provides that every summer, in perpetuity, a poor child will be sent from the slums of New York for a fortnight's stay in the fresh air of the country. This work has now been carried on for thirty-one years, in which time more than forty thousand children have gained health and happiness from it.

A Fresh Air Endowment may bear any designation its donor chooses,

LIFE has received from Mrs. Eva Edgar Wright, Brockton, Massachusetts, Third Liberty Loan bonds for two hundred dollars to establish

FRESH AIR ENDOWMENT NUMBER II

In Memory of James and Annie Edgar of Brockton, Massachusetts.

We have received from Virginia Vilas Clarke, The Grosvenor, New York City, Fourth Liberty Loan bonds for two hundred dollars to establish

FRESH AIR ENDOWMENT NUMBER 13
In Memory of Percival Vilas Clarke.

His Reason

"WHILE inditing this epistle," wrote the new cavalry recruit from Boston, "I am, necessarily, assuming a standing position, because during the drill this afternoon I was unable to make the jactations of my body synchronize with the violent succussions of my horse."

Are the Suffragists a Power in Politics?

WHETHER or not Mr. Wilson's warmeasure argument for suffrage by
the Federal Constitution will hold water
or not, he gained great credit with the
Suffragists by making it as he did. Militants and all, they eat out of his hand
now. That he should have placated the
Washington militants is something to rejoice
at, since some of them are too near the borderland of sanity to make satisfactory political antagonists. They are out gunning for the
Senate now, and that is safer than to have
them gunning for the President.

Nobody knows what suffragist support is worth in politics, or whether it is an asset or a liability. It is known that in some states women have votes, and the propensity is

strong to imagine that in such states the voting women will support persons who favor votes for women, and oppose persons who don't. But as to that no one really knows. It used to be supposed that a considerable majority of women were opposed to the suffrage. That may still be true, and the fact that suffrage has won out in some states does not disprove it, for it was not carried by women's votes. At worst there are about as many antis as there are Suffragists, and altogether the woman's vote is as big a gamble as there is in the whole political lay-out.

The Suffragists lay their recent defeat in the Scnate to



THE LORE-LIE



THE EVENING CLASS IN FRENCH SHOWS A PRETTY FAIR ATTENDANCE FOR A VILLAGE OF ONLY THREE HUNDRED SOULS



"CHILDREN, COME OVER HERE THIS MINUTE. HERE COMES ONE OF THOSE DIRTY HUNS"

Senator Jimmy Wadsworth of New York, and have sworn on a pin-cushion to take his political life when he comes up for reelection in 1920. Mr. Wadsworth is a pretty good Republican Senator, and a fairly lively politician. If the New York Suffragists can get his scalp, it may be a sign that they amount to something as a political force.

But no one should make the mistake of supposing that the woman-voters and the woman-suffragists are one and the same political body. On the contrary, the woman-voters are two bodies, and no two bodies in politics will fight one another harder.

To Our Girls

DON'T lose any beauty sleep over the possibility of your soldier forgetting you for the first pretty French girl he meets. He'll think of you a lot more often "Over There" than he ever did over here. Every woman he sees there will remind him of you in some subtle way—the sound of a voice, the soft curve of a throat, the mere fact that she is a woman, and, therefore, like you. You and home are his religion and the things he is fighting for. Don't you worry, girls: the farther away he may be, the more whole-heartedly does he belong to you, and to you alone.

Encore Un Autre

RED sun in the east—
Full moon in the west—
Morning—a muddy road;
Flaming of cannon along a crest;
White faces—a heavy load;
Little to eat and a long day's march;
Nothing to think or say;
Limp as a collar without any starch—
But good for another day!

We'll hike it along through these rotten woods,
And rest for awhile at noon;
Where the Boche shells lie in their wicker hoods
Our cookers may catch us soon.
And someone heard that the colonel said,
"There's a billet ahead with hay."
So we're good for another day, boys,
We're good for another day!

I've a five days' beard;
I've a two weeks' grouch;
My hob nails are driven in,
And my tin hat cuts through my old brown slouch
Where the shrapnel has bitten the tin;
And I may not last till the war will end,
And there's nowhere to spend my pay—
But I'm good for another day, boys,
I'm good for another day!

Hervey Allen.



Sufferer: SAY, IF YOU'RE GOIN' TO STAND ON MY FEET YOU'LL HAVE TO HOLD YOUR PAPER SO I CAN SEE IT

Copyright Life Pub. Co.



THE OVERWORKED SPECIALIST



OCTOBER 24, 1918

"While there is Life there's Hope"

VOL. 72 No. 1878

Published by

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY

A. MILLER, Sec'y and Treas.

17 West Thirty-first Street, New York

English Offices, Rolls House, Breams Bldgs., London, E. C.



OF course, there won't be an armistice at present.

What would be the good with war pro-

ceedings going so very well, the line of resistance receding in serpentine curves all over the map, the Ally soldiers driving through wherever they feel the need to, the Germans falling back in tumult and confusion!

On October 6th Imperial Chancellor Prince Maximillian advised the President by note that Germany was ready for peace on the terms Mr. Wilson had suggested on January 8th and September 27th, and invited him to get the Allies to send delegates to a peace congress, and to arrange for an immediate armistice.

To which Mr. Lansing answered that before replying, the President would like to know several things: Did the Chancellor mean that the Imperial German government accepts the terms laid down by the President in various addresses, and would enter into discussions merely about the practical declarity of their application? Was the Chancellor speaking merely for the constituted authorities of the Empire who have so far conducted the war?

And as to the suggestion of an armistice, the President would not feel at liberty to propose one to the Allies, so long as German armies were on their soil. The good faith of any discussion, Mr. Lansing said, "would manifestly depend upon the consent of the Central Powers immediately to withdraw their forces everywhere from invaded territory."

To which, on October 12th, Germany replies through Dr. Solf, the Foreign

Secretary, that its government "has accepted" the terms laid down by President Wilson on January eighth, and in subsequent addresses, and wants only to discuss and agree upon details, and that in accordance with Austria-Hungary, for the purpose of bringing about an armistice, it is ready to "comply with the propositions of the President in regard to evacuation," and that the government that is talking has been formed by conferences and in agreement with the great majority of the Reichstag, and the Chancellor, supported by the will of this majority, speaks in the name of the German Government and of the German people.

That was the situation with which, on October 14th, the President had to deal.



THERE were two main difficulties about it. One was very like the difficulty the spiritists are so often up against in getting their communications from the beyond. Through mediums or ouija boards, or in other ways, they can get lots of talk. The trouble is to identify the talker. When the talker says he is John Smith, that is interesting, but how can he prove he is John Smith? If he does seem to prove it, as sometimes happens, that is a great stroke. To feel sure that John Smith, who is known to have died, is speaking, is more important than anything John Smith is likely to say.

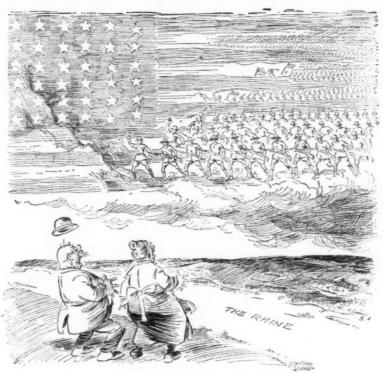
In this case we knew the mediums, Prince Max and Dr. Solf, and we got talk of a fairly satisfactory quality, alleged to come from the German people, whom we know to have been politically dead this long time. But there was an embarrassing lack of proof that the long deceased had recovered power to communicate, and was now speaking. Perhaps the mediums were fooling us; perhaps some lying spirit, a Hohenzollern maybe, was fooling them, and masquerading as the German people. The identification was unsatisfactory. If the German people were really speaking through Max and Solf, they must contrive some way to convince us that they were speaking, and could make good what they said. Until they do, all communications that purport to emanate from this deceased people must be regarded with very deep suspicion.



THEN there was another trouble. Even in the brief time since these last discussions began, the Germans have been perpetrating such particularly abominable outrages like the murder of the passengers of the Ticonderoga, the Leinster and the Hirano Maru, and the ferocious destruction of cities and villages that they have been chased out of in France, as to put out of date negotiations even two weeks old. These new abominations must be taken into account in dealing with them.

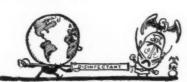
In one particular, and only in one that we can think of, the German masters may be trusted. Whenever there is a prospect that they may escape full reparation for their misdeeds, they may be trusted to defeat it by some fresh malignity. Consistently working out the poison that is in them, they insure to themselves the final experience of a punishment to fit their crimes. They insisted that this country should come into the war. When we held back, they sunk the Lusitania. When we still delayed, and the hope that we would get in was almost dead, they took all restraints off of the Uboats and forced us in. People who fear now that they will win an armistice and escape their dues, forget the record. They will not escape. They will insist on a thorough job, and a thorough job it will be.

Nevertheless, the hope is excusable



"THE WATCH ON THE RHINE"

that the final settlement with the great German criminals who have bathed the world in blood, may be a matter between Germans. There is too big a cleaning up to be done in that country for civilized outsiders to covet the job. It is a German job. Let the Germans do it, if they will.



F Mr. Wilson had acceded to all the requests of the German mediums, he would have laid before the Allies the suggestion about an armistice. That was the most he could do, and much more than anyone who knew him thought he would do. The Allies could accept the suggestion or decline it, or they could put it off. But whatever befell them, these overtures from Germany meant a great deal. On paper they offered immense concessions from the claims of full-blown Hohenzollern pride. And the Germans were not making them for fun, nor altogether in the hope of escaping punishment. They offered them because they must, because the

earth is opening beneath them, and they stagger from the tremors of the coming smash. On failure of these proposals they will have to make more, and then, presently, their final bow to Marshal Foch.

He, Foch, is the man to whom one would prefer to have the Germans go for terms, and to him and his military colleagues will be referred the proposal for an armistice, whenever it is seriously considered. The specifications in Mr. Wilson's address which the German mediums accede to, mean a great deal. They set forth in detail the principles and the spirit which must govern the reorganization of Europe after the war. But they do not provide for any bargain with Germany, and there ought not to be any bargain with Germany, and even before the President spoke, it was hardly conceivable that any such bargain formed part of his intentions. He can say to the Germans: "There are the items of a plan which has been pretty generally approved by all the people who are fighting you. Even you have accepted it. It tells you in a way, what to expect. An armistice is out of the question, but you can surrender, plead guilty, and throw yourself on the mercy of the court."

And sooner or later that is what the Germans will have to do. It may come very soon. Any morning we may read in the paper that members of the Hohenzollern family have been noticed at various points, beating it to the German frontier.

With Dr. Solf's acceptance of Mr. Wilson's suggestions, Germany practically surrendered. The only important thing she has omitted to do is to stop fighting. Any day, it would seem, she may remedy that omission, and then the identification of the voice that came first through Prince Max, and then through Dr. Solf, would begin to be acceptable.



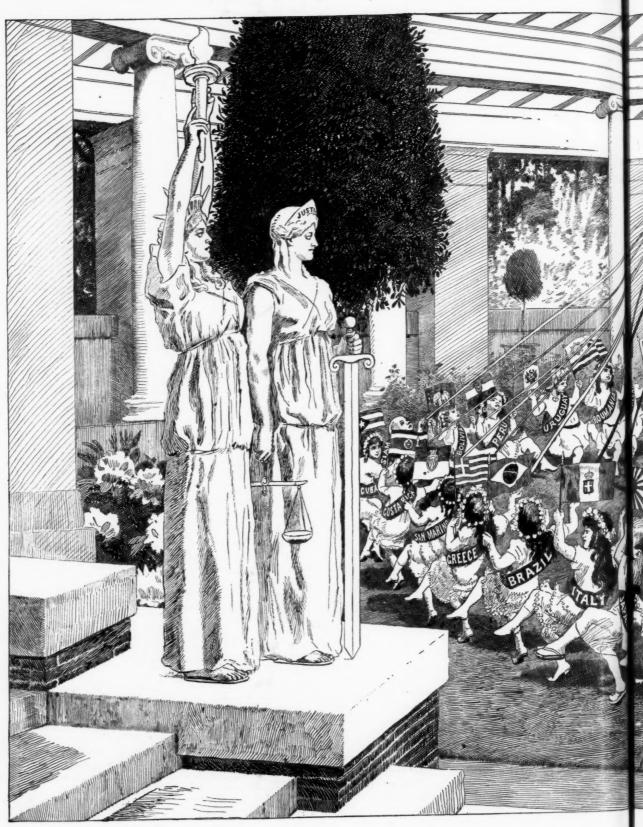
In his reply of October 14th the President goes to the root of all these matters. Since the Germans have accepted the suggestions in his various addresses and expressed willingness to evacuate territory, he will proceed to further details. They must understand that the process of evacuation and the conditions of an armistice must be settled with the military advisors of the United States and the Allies, and must provide satisfactory safeguards and guarantees of the maintenance of the present military supremacy of the armies of the Allies and the United States.

And there can be no armistice while the German forces "continue the illegal and inhumane practices which they still persist in."

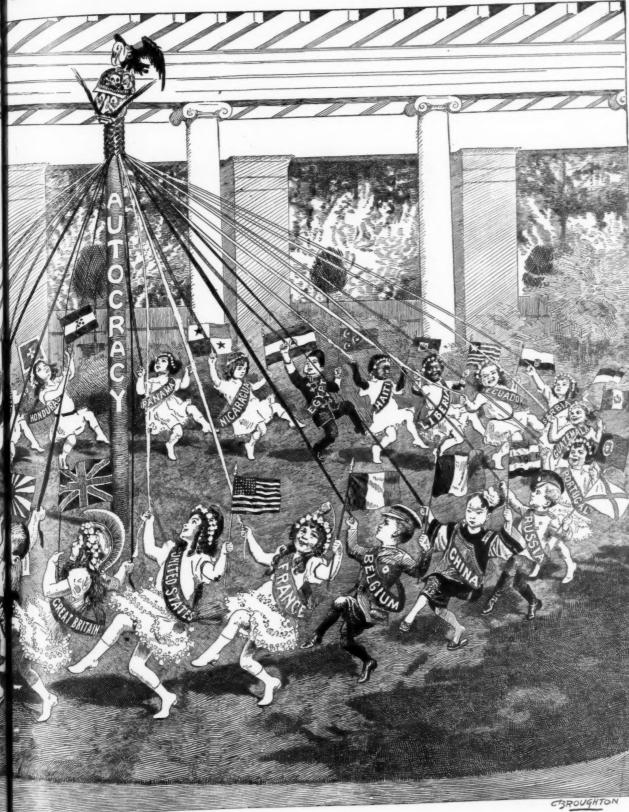
And the Germans must remember that one of the terms of peace that they have accepted provides for "the destruction, or reduction to virtual impotency, of every arbitrary power anywhere that can separately, secretly and of its single choice, disturb the peace of the world." The power that has hitherto controlled the German nation is of the sort here described. So Mr. Wilson tells the Germans, and reminds them that it is within the choice of the German nation to alter it.

Throw out your Jonah, says our President, and you may come to port. Quit your intolerable abuses of warfare, admit that you are beaten, and give bonds to remain so, and we will talk with you.

That is definite; that is thorough; that is as it should be, and meets the case.



Wind It Up



Wind It Up

· LIFE ·



Two Comedians and a Calamity

N "The Matinée Idol" Mr. Leo Ditrichstein is not in fact half so much of a matinée idol as he was in "The Great Lover." The play concerns itself far more with the domestic affairs and professional business of the actor hero than it does with his personal allurement for the callow girl, romantic spinster and dissatisfied wife of the matinée audience. He is pictured away from stage surroundings, the victim, alternately, of a wife's too pressing idolatry and the scheming of an adventuress who has wormed herself into the innermost boredom of oppressive domesticity.

In a way the play is a frank confession of the greatest weakness of the actor, for as part author Mr. Ditrichstein assigns to himself the rôle of an actor dragged almost to ruin through his own vanity.

For an actor-author Mr. Ditrichstein is unusually generous to his fellow artists in the particular that he does not assign all the good lines and situations to his own part. He is sufficiently in evidence to demonstrate his expertness as a comedian, and perhaps betrays the concealed ambition which he satirizes by forcing into the comedy a serious recitation of Hamlet's soliloguy on suicide. If he did this with the notion that his rendering of the famous speech might create a public demand for his playing the character, he has made the test, and a failure of the demand to materialize has not interfered with his status as a comedian. The brief experiment has saved him the humiliation that has accrued to other comedians who put their tragic ambitions into serious attempts to play Shakespeare's tragic roles. The forced interjection of the soliloquy into the comedy serves a valuable purpose if it preserves Mr. Ditrichstein to the stage as a finished comedian, but a come-

In the cast Catherine Proctor made, perhaps, too attractive



"WHITE WINGS"



"SARGE, I FEEL ASHAMED 'CAUSE I AIN'T HAD A LETTER YET. WILL YOU READ OUT MY NAME AND MAKE BELIEVE I'M GEITIN' ONE?"

the actor's wife who holds him through spoiling and with coddling his person and his vanity. Cora Witherspoon scored as a newspaper woman who was business-like and not of the sloppy, sob-sister type. The authors were kind in giving to Messrs. Brandon Tyman as a hack dramatist, Mr. Robert Mc-Wade as an intensely practical theatrical manager and Mr. Ricciardi as a temperamental butler parts which had individual possibilities and were not exclusively feeders to the star part.

"The Matinée Idol" is smoothly done and provides a good evening's entertainment.



No matter who writes the play, Mr. William Collier may be relied upon to make it his own, so far as the individual touch is concerned. In the case of "Nothing but Lies" Mr. Aaron Hoffman supplied the text, but it is impossible to conceive that anyone but Mr. Collier could make it any but a rather commonplace farcical comedy of business life. Some of the characters are original, cleverly drawn, and in the hands of an unusually well chosen cast make considerable impression. Without Mr. Collier and his quiet predominance these adjuncts would count for little. They provide a strong background to bring out the simplicity of the central figure. Mr. Grant Stewart and his extravagant dignity, Olive Wyndham and her pronounced loveliness, Mr. Rapley Holmes and his pervading adiposity, together with Florence Enright and Mr. Robert Stange, high graduates of the Washington Square school, and several others of strongly pronounced quality, all become shadowy and subsidiary to the mysterious effectiveness of Mr. Collier's quiet and non-assertive methods.

"Nothing but Lies" is far from high-browed, but it will make even the high-browed laugh. And to be made to laugh in these days of small portions and high prices is to enjoy a real privilege.



 $S^{
m OME}$ day, perhaps, we shall have a Society for the Prevention of Ladies Who Think They Can Act, but Can't. And then we may also have a League for the Suppression of Persons Who Write Plays, but Shouldn't. Had either of these organizations been in successful existence we should never have had "The Awakening" with Khyva St. Albans as the leading lady and Mr. Theodore Kosloff,

the dancer, essaying a heroic dramatic rôle. No attempt will be made here to describe the play. No one could. It had something to do with

Russia, with a villainous conspiracy against a young lady, with a vision, with curious dancing by the leading lady and the hero, and a lot of other things that no fellow could even list. But "The Awakening" had one supreme virtue. After a "vision" and eight prolonged scenes it came to an end.

Metcalfe

ONFIDENTIAL UUIDE

Astor.—Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew in "Keep Her Smiling," r. l. H. Booth. Fun with a business theme. Well done

Belasco.—"Daddies," by Mr. John L. Hobble. Might as well have been called "Kiddies," as it is a well staged comedy with French war orphans as the inspiration.

Bijou.—"Sleeping Partners," by Sacha Gintry, with Mr. H. B. Warner. Clever French comedy, well acted.

Broadhurst .- " Maytime." Delightful musical play.

Casino.—"Sinbad." Graduated from the Winter Garden and the Century, now comes downtown to cheer up the mid-Broadway t. b. m.

Central.—"Forever After," by Mr. Owen Davis, with Miss Alice Brady. Very old-fashioned sentimental drama brought up to date with artificial were tooked. war touches.

Century.—" Freedom," by Messrs. Hind, Swete and O'Neill. Notice later.

Century Grove .- Midnight cabaret.

Cohan.—" Head Over Heels," by Messrs. Woolf and Kern, with Mitzi as the star. The tomboy soubrette in a bright and tuneful setting.

Cohan and Harris.—" Three Faces East," by Mr. A. P. Kelly. Spy play with a conundrum. Well done and absorbing.

Comedy.—"An Ideal Husband," by Oscar Wilde. The smart wit of the late Victorian period interpreted by a cast of well-known names.

Cort.—"Fiddlers Three," by Messrs, Duncan and Johnstone. Really tuneful and well staged comic operation.

and Johnstone.

Criterion.—"The Awakening." See above.

Eltinge. — "Under Orders," by Mr. Berte
Thomas, with Effie Shannon and Mr. Shelley Hull.
War drama with a cast of two. Interesting and
very well played.

Empire.—"The Saving Grace," by Mr. Haddon Chambers, with Mr. Cyril Maude. English parlor comedy. Fairly amusing and well acted.

Forty-fourth Street .- Closed.

Forty-eighth Street.—" Peter's Mother," by Mrs. de la Pasture. Notice later.

French.—Repertory of French plays by imported company. Notice later.

Fulton .--" A Stitch in Time," by Bailey and

Meaney, Notice later.

Gaiety.—"Lightnin'," by Messrs. Winchell Smith and Frank Bacon. Amusing and well acted character comedy with Reno and its divorce colony as a background.

Greenwich Village. — "The Better 'Ole," by Messrs. Bairnsfeather and Eliot. Notice later.

Harris .- "The Riddle: Woman" with Mme. Kalich. Notice later. Henry Miller's,-New play with Ruth Chatterton. Notice later. Hippodrome.--" Everything." Large-scale, cheap vaudeville with ballet and spectacle.

Hudson.—"Friendly Enemies," by Messrs. Shipman and Hoffman, with Messrs. Mann and Bernard. The predicament of the American born in Germany humorously and pathetically interpreted.

Knickerbocker.—Mr. D. W. Griffith's movie drama, "Hearts of the World." Impressive war pictures threaded on an ordinary movie

Liberty,-" Going Up." Tuneful and diverting musical play based on the funny possibilities of aviation.

Longacre,-" Nothing but Lies" with Mr. William Collier. See

Lyceum .- Closed.

Lyric.—"The Unknown Purple," by Messrs, West and Moore. Interesting crime melodrama with a novel theme,

Manhattan.—"Tiger Rose." The Canadian Northwest the scene of an interesting melodrama.

Maxine Elliott's.—" Tea for Three," by Mr. R. C. Megrue. An American polite comedy, very witty and very well done, Morosco.-Closed.

Park.—Repertory of opera comique by the Society of American Singers. Creditable presentations of the lighter musical classics.

Playhouse.—"She Walked in Her Sleep," by Mr. Mark Swan, Farcical comedy of fairly amusing quality.

Plymouth.—Telstoi's "Redemption" with Mr. John Barrymore. Impressive staging of depressing Russian drama with the star gaining new layers.

Impressive stagi

Punch and Judy.—Mr. Booth Tarkington's "Penrod" successfully put into play form by Mr. E. E. Rose. A whole bunch of boy fun, Republic.—"Where Poppies Bloom" with Marjorie Rambeau. Spy drama with the domestic triangle carried to the western front. Sclwyn,—"Information, Please," by Jane Cowl and Jane Murfin, with the former as the star. Cheery international comedy with the star at her loveliest.

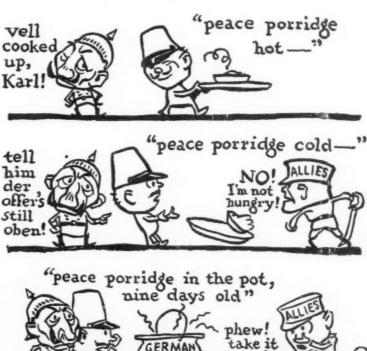
Shubert.—"Sometime," by Young and Friml. Average girl-and-music show with Mr. Ed. Wynn making some fun.

Thirty-ninth Street .- Closed.

Vanderbilt.—"The Matinée Hero," by Messrs, Ditrichstein and Thomas, with the former in the title rôle. See above.

Winter Garden.—"Passing Show of 1918." Large-scale girl-andmusic show especially planned to cheer up the t. b. m.

Ziegfeld's Frolic .- Midnight cabaret.





Dilemma

A Ballade of the A. E. F.

DEAR Lord, and I am back from leave.

And I have kissed my dear girls all, Nor do I treachery conceive,

For mortal man was made to fall-Jennifer, Gentle and Rosemary,

The Fire, the Golden and the Brown, Most truly do I love all three,

Nor one for other dare turn down.

Assuredly 'tis time to die,

Now their sweet vows are newly mine,

Since they have pledged with lips that sigh

And tears have made their dear eyes shine—

Oh, Jennifer, Gentle and Rosemary,

The Quick, the Stately and the Still, If I return from over sea,

Which of ye three will love me still?

L'Envoi

Dear Prince, my heart hath not the power

To choose among these maidens three.

I love the Fire, the Queen, the Flower, And worse, they say that they love

Wise Prince, dear master and great Seer,

If I return from over sea,

Pray keep them separate at the pier— Jennifer, Gentle and Rosemary.

H. C.



"DOCTOR, I HAVE AN AWFUL COLD."

"AHA-A! YOU'VE BEEN GETTING YOUR
FEET WET AGAIN. FIVE DOLLARS, IF YOU
PLEASE!"



FOCH-THAT'S ALL

In the Bright Lexicon of the Politician

LOYALTY. The extent to which you will stick by the machine, regardless of everything else.

Patriotism. Love of party.

God. A word used occasionally to give a dignified appearance to something you are "putting over" on the

Constituent. The man you know you can fool part of the time, and hope you can fool all of the time.

Appropriation. The price of your ignorance and cupidity and sectionalism, for which you make the majority pay.

Divine Providence. What you call the system of graft, chicanery or partisanship by which you hope to win.

Our Common Country. That nebulous entity which consists of the total number of votes you can probably control.

No More Heroines

NOW that the fair sex has come into its own (or her own, or his own), why not do away with feminine terminations, where they can be spared? A hero is a hero the world over, therefore, why heroine? Likewise, why authoress, poetess, conductorette, et cetera? We do not say chairwoman or Congresswoman.

"HOW much stock he does take in himself!"

"He's over-subscribed."

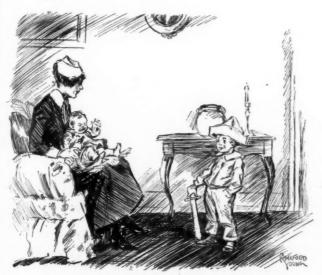


SUN SPOTS

AND MORE COMING ALL THE TIME

"DO you think that the government will ever control all the religions?"

"Why, even the Almighty has never been able to do that."



Nurse: DO YOU WANT TO SEE ME FEED HIM, MASTER WILLIE?

"FEED 'IM! HOORAY! TO WHAT?"

"["

"WHO is wasting so much paper," said the waste-basket petulantly.

"I," said the Banker, "I am doing it with my useless pamphlets on finance. I am wasting paper."

"Put me down also," said the crank. "With my theories on the universe, I am doing my share."

"Don't leave me out," said the newspaper. "I am using it up like water with my superfluous et tions, my comic supplements, my glaring department-store page advertisements. I am squandering paper."

"Me, too!" said Congress. "With my Record and my franking privileges and my endless drivel, I am wasting paper."

"How about us?" cried the Agricultural and Labor and Post Office Departments. "Don't forget us! We are just throwing paper away!"

Then there was a general acclaim as the Bureau of Public Information stepped up while all looked abashed.

"Nobody can beat me at that game!" said the B. of P. I. "I am entitled to the Iron Cross!" Then the others threw up their hands.

Nowadays

TEACHER (to geography class): How many zones are there? Well, Archibald?

PUPIL: Two—wet and dry!

Where Does Santa Claus Hail From?



ANTOINETTE MICOURAND, BAB'

A N impression is prevalent that Santa Claus makes his headquarters somewhere in the frozen North. If LIFE can realize its amiable ambitions, some thirty-three hundred little French kiddies, orphaned by the war, are going to be positive that Santa Claus lives in the United States. And he does, so far as those French babies are concerned. His abid-

ing place is in the generous hearts of LIFE's readers, who are going to see to it that every one of the babies has the glad surprise of a toy and a useful garment from the American Santa Claus.

We are able to inform our readers that the Christmas Fund



ANNE MARQUEZ, BABY 2713, AND HER BROTHERS

for the French War Orphans is growing, but unfortunately too slowly for us to inform the committee, as yet, that they may spend a dollar for each of the babies. However, Life isn't worrying, and the babies certainly are not, because they have no suspicion of what Life is trying to do for them. It will be seen from the following statement that the average gift per child will be only about nineteen cents each. We have no



HIS SHELL-SHOCKED MIRROR

Superstitions Tommy (just back from hell): AWFULLY TOUGH, I CALLS IT—SEVEN YEARS' BAD LUCK

doubt the average will reach a dollar, particularly when our readers realize that the dollar goes first to some wounded French soldier who makes the toys or to some French woman or girl, impoverished by the war, who makes the garments. We acknowledge on account of

THE CHRISTMAS FUND OF 1918

Already acknowledged\$	541.8
Katherine Kline, Minneapolis, Minn	1
In memory of Frances C. Caverhill, Buffalo, N. Y	TO
In memory of James Dwight Rockwell, late of New York	
City	25
D. H. Burgess, Petersburg, Va	IO
Mrs. Andreini, New York City	10
Eliza P. Childs, Holyoke, Mass,	10
"Hope," Weston, Mass	10
Mrs. Annie Trumbull Slosson, New York City	5
"Anonymous," Hartford, Conn	1
Mrs. D. F. Hinckley and Charles H. Vinton, Brookline,	
Mass,	10
	-

\$633.88

LIFE is from Missouri, so far as anything decent or straightforward about a Prussian Hun is concerned, but even if the peace proposals current at present writing are on the level, those French war orphans still exist, and the necessity for their being kept with their mothers is as great as ever. Only a portion of them have been provided for, and every seventy-three dollars finds a place where it is needed.

To help the great work, LIFE has received, in all, \$259,-676.21, from which we have remitted to Paris 1,463,708.75 francs.

With one of the contributions mentioned below came this message: "Enclosed is check for seventy-three dollars. The money is sent by my late son, Gareth Downing, who, in giving his life for his country, left a fund to help others."

We gratefully acknowledge from

We graterally delited the season to the	
Gareth Downing, late of the United States Navy, San Francisco, Cal., for Baby No. 3207. Miss Mallory Davis, New York City, for Babies Nos. 3208	\$73
and 3209	146
Lucie Andrews, Bethesda, Md., for Baby No. 3210	73
Mrs. Ada Barry, Philippine Islands, for Baby No. 3211	73
Joseph C. Hartwell, Providence, R. I., for Baby No. 3213 Kitty King Corbett and Duncan Corbett, Bay City, Texas, for	73
Baby No. 3214 The Wapimona Camp Fire Girls of Telluride, Colo., for Baby	73
No. 3215 1). H. Grandin Milling Company, Jamestown, N. Y., for Baby	73
No. 3216	73
E. Winifred Tourison, Philadelphia, Pa., for Baby No. 3219 Owaissa Camp Fire Girls of Chester, W. Va., for Baby No.	73
3220	73
Evelyn C, Cranska, Moosup, Conn., for Baby No. 3221 Harwood Spencer, New York City, for Babies Nos. 3222 and	73
3223	146
Mary Caroline Lewis, Norfolk, Va., for Baby No. 3224	73
"Some girls from O'Fallon, Ill.," for Baby No. 3225	73
James Wilson Newell, Spokane, Wash., for Baby No. 3226	73
Robert Bird, Montclair, N. J., for Baby No. 3229	
3230	7.3
Harmon Lake de Dont Andrews Dathards Md Care	A16-0

Renewals: Julia du Pont Andrews, Bethesda, Md., \$73; Alfred Millard, McKittrick, Cal., \$73; Mrs. Wm. L. Harkness, Glen Cove, L. I., \$292; Neni Imhaus, Portland, Ore., \$1; "In memory of James Greig Walker," San Francisco, Cal., \$73; "Mr. T. L., Alameda." \$73; Mrs. E. E. White, Milwaukee, Wis., \$36.50; Mrs. John Shugert, Bellefonte, Pa., \$10; Mrs. McDougall Hawkes, Ridgefield, Conn., \$73; Esther B. Pearson, Newton Lower Falls, Mass., \$73; Sales Force of The Crofut & Knapp Company, New York City, \$50; "In memory of Willie Flower Glover," Los Angeles, Cal., \$10; D. C. Teague, San Dimas, Cal., \$36.50; Virginia C. and Edith M. Wyman, Boston, Mass., \$36.50.

Sao.50; Virginia C. and Edith M. Wyman, Boston, Mass., \$30.50.

Payments on Account: Mrs. A. S. Sigurdson, Valley City. N. D.,
\$3; Harry Bickley, Williamsburg, Pa., \$3; A. F. C., Pittsburgh,
Pa., \$10; The ladies of the Memorial Presbyterian Church of
Appleton, Wis., \$6.10; "In memory of Hazel Jane Rupert,"
Pelham, N. Y., \$10, Clara C. Treulieb, Schenectady, N. Y.,
\$1.50; Mrs. Anne Slack Jones, Grenada, Miss., \$3; Eighth Grade
Pupils, Emerson Public School, Flagstaff, Orc., \$3; Miss Dorothy
Bryan, Northampton, Mass., \$10; Sunshine Club, Inkster, Mich.,
\$10; Mrs. E. P. Odeneal, Gulfport, Miss., \$10; Room 13, Missoula County High School, through Alice Wright, \$33.

	BABY	N C	MBER	3173						
Already acknow "Anonymous,"	ledged Rockford, III					 		• •		\$71.42
	BABY	NUI	MBER	3217						\$73
"Anonymous," Miss Josephine	Rockford, Il	l	Www			 			٠	\$0.42
" Anonymous,"	Portsmouth,	Va.								IO
" Archie, Middle Nelson P. Bonn	ey, Norwich,	N.	Y	ersburg	g. F.	 	* *	* *		6
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Genius in the Making

\$24.42

THE business of creating a literary genius, giving him body and permanence enough to make him stick, is a hard job. A gang of literary laborers has been working on Theodore Dreiser now for some time. He has been proclaimed over and over again as the greatest novelist in America or, for that matter, in the world. One of his books has been suppressed, which was a great help. Owing to its sex leanings, it was appropriately advertised by scenes in court, in which literary experts modestly gave their opinions, and the virtuous publishers wept on the shoulders of the shrinking author.

For the benefit of those hopelessly ignorant and benighted people who have never heard of Theodore Dreiser, we will say that his first book, entitled "Sister



Kaiser: WHAT'S THIS FOOLISH RUMOR ABOUT THE ALLIES WINNING? ISN'T GOTT ON OUR SIDE?

Hindie: YAH, HE WAS, BUT, ALL-HIGHEST, HE IS REPORTED MISSING THIS MORNING, AND IT IS BELIEVED THAT HE HAS DESERTED.

Carrie," appeared in 1901, and was so badly written that it immediately attracted the attention of the great literary minds of the country. The news was cabled to England that another American genius had been born, and the small band of Bohemian highbrows, who pulsate between upper Sixth Avenue and Printing House Square, shouted the glad tidings to the purlieus of Indiana. England rejoiced, and Mr. Recdy, of the St. Louis Mirror, prepared to welcome the newcomer to the sacred circle of Geniuses, along with Ambrose Bierce and-we have forgotten the other's name. Mr. Dreiser's next book, "Jennie Gerhardt," was even worse than the first, and thus his claim was firmly established. But it was not until his latest book (the one suppressed) was written that the world knew who he was. Then to make his reputation unanswerable, he wrote a brochure on America, showing how thoroughly rotten we are, how we have no art, no literature (except his own) and no soul-a discovery that was made, by the way, by Christopher Columbus. Mr. Dreiser is now known as a genius of the first order, with an "epoch-making" mind. It has only remained for him to be described by Edgar Lee Masters as follows:

"One eye set higher than the other, mouth out like a scallop in a pie. The eyes burn like a flame at the end of a funnel, and the ruddy face glows like a pumpkin at Hallowe'en."

When you meet a face like that you will know that it belongs to a genuine, simon-pure American genius.

Gastronomical

"UM, um." mused the American Army goat, after Château-Thierry, as he stretched out on the dugout floor to digest spiked helmets and shrapnel shells made in Germany. "I guess I did my bit."

"Don't be so d—d boastful," retorted the sergeant of marines, as he reproachfully but affectionately stroked the mascot's distended sides. "Wait till we take you down Unter Den Linden and feed you on the Hindenburg statue."



HINTS TO HOSTESSES

DO NOT FEEL PIQUED AT PATRIOTIC FRIENDS WHO, HAVING DISPOSED OF THEIR AUTOMOBILE AND EXCESS CLOTHING AND INVESTED ALL THEIR FUNDS IN LIBERTY BONDS, ARE LATE TO DINNER

Always be Cheerful

Scene: An apartment "built for two." The dinner is laid for the evening meal, the wife having just made the final touches. The husband, entering, greets her in the familiar manner.

HE: Doesn't it seem very chilly here?

SHE: Please don't mention that subject, dear. You know what you are when you get started on coal. Of course, we cannot help the shortage, and I think that

you ought to be patriotic enough and strong enough to put aside all those disagreeable things.

HE: Oh, well, I don't mind. As long as you want to be patriotic, how about those new Liberty Bonds? I suppose we ought to be doing something about them—

SHE: There you go! Of course we must do something about them, but why harp incessantly on them? Above all things, we must try and be cheerful.

HE (after a pause): I see by the paper that Lloyd George—

SHE: Now, if you are going to discuss the war. dear, you may count me out. You can't imagine how trying it is

for me to listen. And especially when I am trying my best to keep up. Can't you avoid subjects that cast a gloom over one?

HE: Look here! I'm doing the best I can. I want to be natural. What am I to do—submit a list of subjects to you first?

SHE: There, now don't be disagreeable. But I do think we ought to be cheerful, and think only of cheerful things. We ought to smile and be gay, and not be harping on those things that we cannot help.

HE: Well, in that case, if you insist upon it, there's only one thing we can do. We cannot sit home and glare at one another. We must go out somewhere. I am sure to touch on something you don't like.

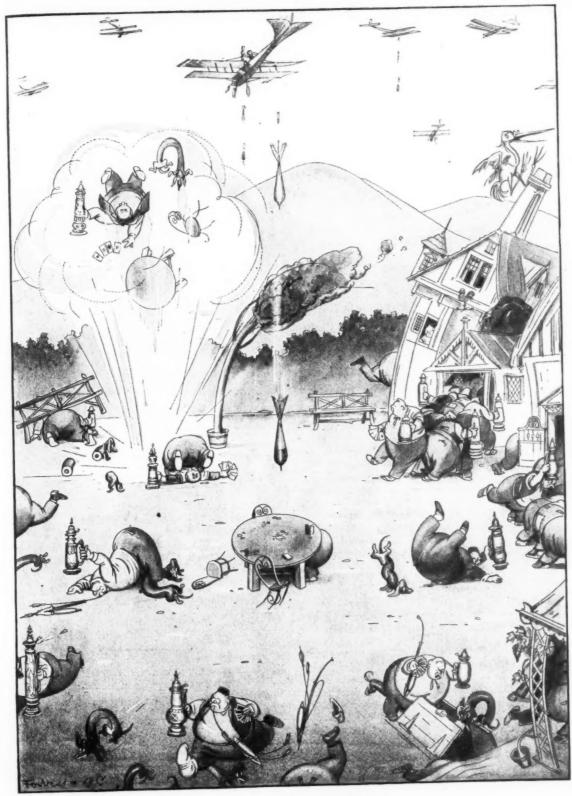
SHE: Oh, we can't do that.

HE: Can't go out and spend the evening? Why not? SHE: Because, my dear, this is the evening I have set apart to go over our joint Income Tax.

Fit

PARKE: I can't make up my mind what to do with that girl of mine. She is very extravagant, talks like a streak, and is almost wholly irresponsible.

LANE: Why not let her run for Congress?



ALLIES UBER DEUTSCHLAND

Horrors of War

THE purist's heart is wrung!
To-day the only, tongue
Is slang of field and trench
And Coney Island French.
No bargain sale can thrive
That isn't called "a drive";
"Defense" is all "barrage";
"Deceit" is "camouflage,"
And Buddie greets his pal
With, "How is your morale?"

Arthur Guiterman.

Purely Biological

Scene: A park.

Time: Any, in the future.

Persons: Two infants.

FIRST INFANT:
Where is your
mother to-day?
SECOND INFANT: I

haven't the slightest idea. And yours?
First Infant: I caught a glimpse of her going out somewhere this morning, but I don't know where.

SECOND INFANT: Does she ever pay the slightest attention to you?

FIRST INFANT: Never! The story goes that the physiological function of the mother was to nurse her offspring, to watch over it, to guard it from danger and illness, and in short, to devote most of her time to it. It



Real Estate Agent: YES, MR. DIO-GENES, A BEAUTIFUL EXAMPLE OF CYCLOPEAN ARCHITECTURE; ALL MODERN CONVENIENCES; FIVE MINUTES TO THE STATION; TWENTY MINUTES TO ATHENS. WHAT DO YOU SAY?

· LIFE ·



THE HIGH COMMAND

was even a practice for mothers to teach their offspring to lisp a prayer each evening at their knees to some unknown being.

SECOND INFANT: How extremely biological! May I ask during what age was this—the pliocene or glacial period?

FIRST INFANT: It was, I understand, during the pre-picket period. This period was characterized by a custom called "watchful waiting." Women gathered in large numbers before an imposing white house.

SECOND INFANT: For what purpose? FIRST INFANT: Now don't think me absurd. But it was for the privilege of being permitted to deposit a printed paper in a box at certain periods designated by the politicians. The women became so fascinated with the idea that they lost interest in their young.

SECOND INFANT: Ah, yes. That was before the great discovery that the brains of babies could be fully devel-

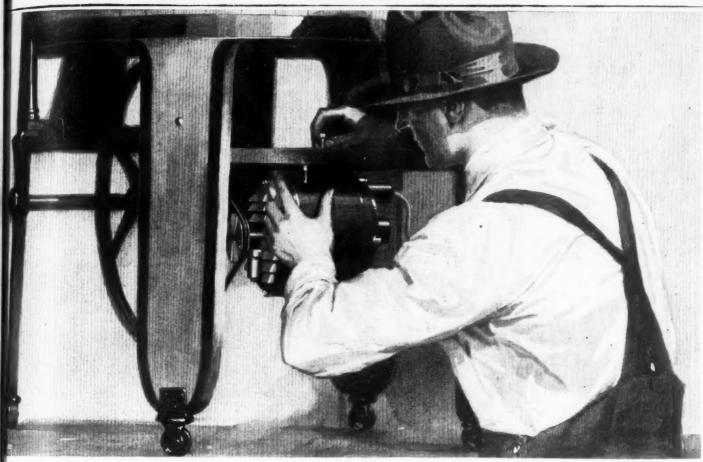
oped at the end of a year by a psychological process which now seems to us simplicity itself. Why, I presume that you and I will obtain our college degrees in another month.

FIRST INFANT: Without a doubt. Oh, by the way, I haven't told you of another curious habit the women had in former days. They betrayed the most absurd affection for their young. Second Infant: Loved them?

FIRST INFANT: Well, in a way. It was a sort of attraction which existed between mother and child—perhaps very difficult for us to understand now. But mothers, under this spell, performed extraordinary deeds. It was, apparently, a sort of animal affair, often highly pathetic.

SECOND INFANT: How peculiar! Hello! Aren't these our mothers coming now, walking towards us arm in arm? Oh, I say. Let's try something. Why not try an experiment upon them?

(Continued on page 611)



The Finishing Quality Touch

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Easily Explained

"You say that neither of your stenographers wants a vacation this year. That's singular."

"Not at all. You see I recently hired a handsome young secretary, and neither of the girls is willing to go away and leave the field to the other one."

-Boston Transcript.

Pancs of jealousy were in Miss Coldfoot's heart when she heard that her late admirer had been accepted by Miss Lovebird, and when she happened to run across her could not resist giving a thrust.

"I hear you've accepted Jack," she gushed. "I suppose he never told you he once proposed to me?"

"No," answered Jack's fiancée. "He once told me that there were a lot of things in his life he was ashamed of, but I didn't ask him what they were."

-Tit-Bits



"A man's (?) a man for a' that"

Prussian Style?

A very estimable widow in Germantown, Philadelphia, is the mother of a son who has given her much trouble.

"I am afraid," said a friend one day,
"that you are not firm enough with him."
"On the contrary," said the mother,
"I sometimes fear that I am much too
harsh."

"Indeed!"

"Oh, I don't mean to say," the fond mother hastened to explain, "that I have really taken any summary action; but I have talked to him a great deal."

"And what have you said?"

"Why, I have said, 'Richard! Richard!' and other severe things."

-Lippincott's.

A Diplomat

"Before we were married," she complained, "you always engaged a cab when you took me anywhere. Now you think the tram-car is good enough for me."

"No, my darling, I don't think the tram-car is good enough for you; it's because I'm so proud of you. In a cab you would be seen by nobody, while I can show you off to so many people by taking you in a tram-car."

-Windsor Magazine.

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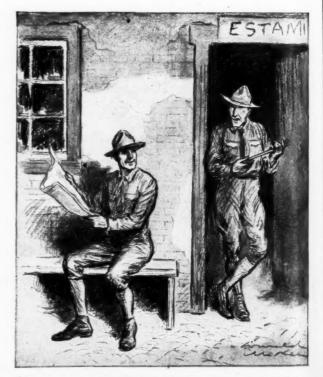
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"HELL! I WANTED THAT FOR MY: """

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Purely Biological

(Continued from page 608)

FIRST INFANT: How would you do

Second Infant: As they approach let us exclaim in unison, "I love you," and see what effect this will have.

FIRST INFANT: That's not a bad idea. Here they come. Are you ready?
SECOND INFANT: All ready. Together now!

FIRST INFANT, SECOND INFANT (in chorus): I love you! I love you! I love you!

FIRST MOTHER (startled, turning tale): Weren't those our children?
SECOND MOTHER (indifferently): I

believe they were.

FIRST MOTHER: They gave me such a turn!—a feeling I never remember to have experienced before. What was that they were repeating?

SECOND MOTHER: Really, now, my dear Ballotine, I am surprised at your ignorance. Don't you know that is only the latest college yell?

No Use

THE Huns in a recent battle kept sending over frequent clouds of gas against a certain American sector. During the night the white troops were relieved by a regiment of negroes. The amazement of the Huns turned, next day, to consternation, and message after message was sent to the rear: "We have gassed the Americans until they have turned black in the face, and still they fight ye...

Pioneer

IN the hastily evacuated quarters of a German general, who dined sumptuously himself, have been found pamphlets extolling the values of various weeds as food—for the common people, of course.

Heretofore Nebuchadnezzar's grass diet has always been regarded as evidence of a disordered mind. Apparently he was merely the pioneer in this movement of German Kultur to suggest suitable food for those rated as mere cannon fodder. Only, poor Neb. lived a few thousand years in advance of his time, and made the mistake of eating it himself.

FLOWERS are a graceful Christmas offering, but they quickly fade, and are perhaps forgotten. An annual subscription to Life is a regular reminder every week for a year.

WHOUSETHIS? It is the Tired Business Man

He is chain-lightning in his office. He knows all about the bank-statement, the corn crop, the freight-car shortage, the liquidation of Smith-Jones, Inc., and the drop in Iceland Moss Preferred. He can quote you, instantly, the August production of his Grand Rapids branch factory to one-tenth of one percent.

But socially! great Beatrice Fairfax!

He is lost at a dance; swamped at a dinner; helpless when confronted with hostesses, buds, dowagers, visiting French generals, literary lions, Hindu musicians, Japanese dancers; dumb at discussions of Eli Nadelman's sculpture, or golf, or airplane production, or pedigreed dogs.

Sometimes, in his secret soul, he wonders how other men get on so well with people who are, to him, as incomprehensible as the dodo.

And yet it's so easy—so simple—so inexpensive to learn.

All he needs is to tear off that coupon and spend a single dollar for the forward-marching magazine of modern American life—its arts, sports, dances, fashions, books, operas, gaieties, and humors: Vanity Fair.

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OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



Her Loss

The great mystery play was just about to start, when the heroine rushed into the manager's office.

"What shall I do?" she cried. "Something awful has happened! My dresser has fled with the jewels I'm to wear to-night."

"What's gone?" asked the manager, very sternly.

"Oh," cried the heroine distressedly, "the diamond tiara, the ruby necklace, and all the diamond rings and gold bracelets!"

The manager frowned and pondered.

"You must pay for this!" he said.
"You were responsible for the jewel chest. I shall deduct two-and-nine pence from your week's salary."

-London Tit-Bits.

Overcame the Difficulty

A little girl was sent by her mother to the grocer's with a bottle for a quart of vinegar.

"But, mamma," said the little one, "I can't say that word."

"But you must try," said the mother, "for I must have vinegar, and there's no one else to send."

So the little girl went with the bottle, and as she reached the counter of the store she pulled the cork out of the bottle with a pop and said to the astonished shopman:

"There! Smell that and give me a quart!"—Pearson's Weekly.

In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

Diamond Cut Diamond

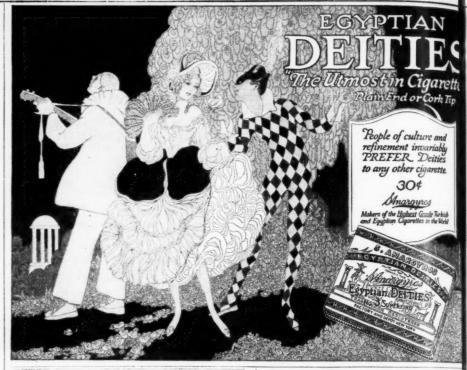
Butcher: This pound of butter you sent me is three ounces short,

Grocer: Well, I mislaid the pound weight, so I weighed it by the pound of chops you sent me yesterday.

-Boston Transcript.







Making It Easy for Himself

For four consecutive nights the hotel man had watched his fair, timid guest fill her pitcher at the water-cooler.

"Madam," he said on the fifth night.
"if you would ring, this would be done
for you."

"But where is my bell?" asked the lady.

"The bell is beside your bed," replied the proprietor.

"That the bell!" she exclaimed.
"Why, the boy told me that was the fire alarm, and that I was not to touch it on any account!"—Christian Register.

HER FRIEND: Don't you miss your husband very much, now that he is at the front?

THE WIFE: Oh, no; at breakfast I just stand a newspaper up in front of a plate, and half the time I forget he isn't there!—The Bystander.

Mr. Flatbush: I wish you wouldn't spend so much of your time in department stores, dear.

MRS. FLATBUSH: Good gracious! You wouldn't have me come away without my change, would you?

-Yonkers Statesman.

Beau Brummel insisted that it took three things to make a gentleman—good manners, good clothes and an annual subscription to Life.





Observer of Air Raid: AND ME FRIENDS ADVISIN' ME TO ENLIST IN THE AIR SERVICE OF THE ARTILLERY!



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To Lizzie

All pleasure riding must soon be climinated .- News item.

MY flivver, 'tis of thee, Bunch of machinery, Of thee I wail; Car of the family's pride (Curse of the countryside!) No more in thee we'll ride (As on a rail!).

My rattling buggy, thee, Chariot rickety, I loved thee long! I loved thy shocks and thrills, Thine unexpected spills! (My spine with rapture fills To mock my song!)

Let crape upon thy crank, O tiny, tiny tank, Attest my grief! Frail body, cease to shake; Rest, engine, shaft and brake. (Great Henry, what a wake! It brings relief!)

My twelve-by-ten garage, Till peace, shall camouflage My boat for me. (And all the land shall know Rest from Ford jokes, what-ho!) Just for a year or so, Liz, R. I. P.

Edmund J. Kiefer.

Sunday Walkers Out Again

THERE are gains for all our losses. as the good poet Stoddard said in an immortal poem, and one of the gains that came with our deprivation of gasoline for Sunday pleasure purposes was the release of the country roads to walkers.

The Sun has spoken of it in an editorial. It was a great boon. As a rule, there are no sidewalks along the improved country roads-or at best very intermittent ones-and pedestrians have to walk on the motor track. The walking there is excellent, but perilous, and the mind is distracted from the beauties of nature and the meditations that sweeten walking by the constant vigilance that one must maintain to keep from being run over. Besides that, the passing cars are noisy, and their odors are another displeasure and distraction of the senses. To have the roads released to nature and to manafoot in the most beautiful time of the year, more than made up to thousands of people for deprivation of the ordinary Sunday use of their cars. Forbidden (virtually) to ride, they walked, and found it a wholesome and delightful change.

We are apt to think of the conven-

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for the man who is not afraid of higher first costs and recognizes the eventual saving in buying the best instead of the second or third best, our Empire Wash Crope is the ideal material for custom shirts. And quite aside from its strength, it is wonderfully soft and rich in texture and the many ex clusive designs are conceived and executed in perfect laste.

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iences of our modern life solely as gains. We forget the fetters they put on us, the cost of maintaining them, and how they cheat us out of things we used to like. Think of our servitude to the telephone, and now of our utter dependence on motor cars, both admirable things, but exacting masters!

Maybe it will be the doom of democracy to be curbed by the contrivances which the minds of freemen imagine and devise to serve it. They will serve it, but at a price, and one that constantly tends to go higher.





A Fancy

IF Eve had lived in war time, It somehow seems to me She'd think it was her duty A Red Cross nurse to be.

And in her dainty costume She'd be a pretty sight; For seems to me she'd make it Of lily petals white.

And then to make the emblem-On one of her white sleeves She'd make a little criss-cross Of two red autumn leaves. Carolyn Wells.

MRS. NEWLY RICH: Are you quite certain I've had the very latest form of influenza?

DOCTOR: Quite, madam. You coughed exactly like the Countess of Wessex. -London Punch.



THE BOOK AGENT

To LIFE'S Patriotic Readers

The government of the United States, in its effort to utilize every resource at its command to overcome the Hun, has decreed that there must be the utmost economy in the use of paper. This is intended to save labor, power, fuel, shipping facilities and chemicals for war purposes. For the duration of the war, therefore, LIFE must come to its readers shorn of much of its perfection in mechanical results. On the thin paper prescribed by the government, it will be impossible to do full justice to the work of Life's artists. Life's readers may be sure, though, that with the means at their command the best that can be done will be done by everyone concerned. We know that Life's readers will stand by Life, as they know Life will stand by them. With them we hope and believe that this stress is only for a little time. And then Life will come back to its old friends, and many new ones, better than ever before.

My Life By Maria Botchkareva

Commander of "The Russian Women's Stained Battalion of with battle Death" logical, sincere Set down by hers was the su Isaac Don preme influence that Levine won Washington to mili tary intervention in Russia Unable to read or write, with out pretence to military genius the Russian Ioan of Arc has changed the whole history of Europe and Asia This is the amazing personality whose life story begins in the November Metropolitan Born in most dispiriting poverty, her rise to world figure is the most startling narrative of spirit ual courage that has ever been told in a magazine From her earliest recollections her life was the drab uneventful existence that has sent more than half of Russi to the forgetfulness of vodka.

When only fifteen and a half years old, lured by the light of romance, she meets an officer returning from the Russo-Japanese War and still in her teens experiences the tragedy of womanhood. Later came marriage, the quick following disillusionment of a vodka-cursed union, the journey to Siberia and a tired child's attempt to end it all in the dark waters of the Ob. From post to post Destiny whips her into the arms of white slavers, the turbid Revolutionary circles of an oppressed people, police persecutions and prison. Then came the war and the stage was set for the big

Russia's

Joan of Arc

part this peasant girl was to play in the history of the world.

More thrilling than any serial story yo ever read, this girl's life story will make ever read, this girl's life story will man you see Russia and know its big-hearted misunderstood people. No longer wil Russia be a sprawling bit of yellow man You will know it as a living, breath ing thing, rich with the hope of youth brave in its ideals and wanting but it chance to walk down the years hand hand with the liberty-loving peoples the world.

October

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